



THE LASS OF GOWRIE.

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gade down,
My lassie wi' a braw new gown
Came o'er the hill to Gowrie.
The rosebud ting'd wi' morning show'r
Bloom'd fresh within the sunnie bow'r,
But Kitty was the fairest flow'r
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said ' My lassie, will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie ?'
I'll take ye to my Father's ha'
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And make ye lady o' them a'—
The brawest wife in Gowrie !

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly and said,
' I'll gang wie ye to Gowrie !'
The auld folks soon gaed their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our hearts' content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie !

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